# BOZART and Contemporary Verse

*Combining JAPM and The Oracle*

EDITED BY ERNEST HARTSOCK

ASSO. ED. BENJAMIN MUSSER

NOVEMBER-DECEMBER
1930

BOX 67, STATION E, ATLANTA, GA.

# BOZART and Contemporary Verse

*Combining JAPM and The Oracle*

Edited by Ernest Hartsock
Asso. Ed. Benjamin Musser

Published Six Times a Year by Ernest Hartsock, THE BOZART PRESS, 2495 Briarcliff Rd., N. E., Atlanta, Ga.
Editorial and Publication Address Box 67, Station E, Atlanta, Ga.

Copyright, 1930
By Ernest Hartsock

Vol. IV NOVEMBER-DECEMBER No. 2

Two Sonnets for Eternal Armistice, *Ernest Hartsock* 2
Missionary Meeting, *Kathleen Sutton* 3
Authors' Club, *May Williams Ward* 3
The Rebel, *Arthur H. Nethercot* 4
Lottery, *Lucile Enlow* 4
Gigolo, *Dorothy McFarlane* 5
Helen to Menelaus, *Wylly Folk St. John* 5
To New York at Sunset, *Louis Ginsberg* 6
Hymeneal, *Evelyn Hammett* 6
Moth, *Harold Vinal* 7
Blow the Gaff, *Benjamin Musser* 7
Cellar Shelves, *Marie Kraft* 8
Beauty, *Helen Maring* 8
The Young Men of Oxford, *Amanda Benjamin Hall* 9
Gentleman Discovered, *Nancy Telfair* 9
Vise, *Harold Vinal* 10
He Was of the Forest, *Robt. P. Tristram Coffin* 11
Funeral Baked Meats, *Edith Mirick* 12
Battle, *Edith Mirick* 13
Farm Moon, *Arthur Truman Merrill* 13
Railroad Wives, *Paul Engle* 14
Blindness, *William Parker* 14
Pasture on Parnassus, *Reviews by Ernest Hartsock* 15
Gossip on Parnassus, *by Atticus Mus* 18
Announcements, Awards, Contributors 20

# *Two Sonnets for Eternal Armistice*

*Again we have suffered a pompous celebration of Armistice Day, and again we approach the Christmas orgy, with the world armed to the teeth. International mistrust, tariff, taboos, and everywhere armies marching. . . . Every schoolboy in khaki; every cinema and newsreel bursting with naval and military propaganda; every newspaper seething with the unrest of our insidious imperialism. Before this spectacle of annihilation your editor offers this protest:*

We who are given breath, no choice of ours,
  Brothers against unfathomable odds,
By some dark headlong planetary powers
  Kissing in haste to thwart the jealous gods,
How shall we feed the fear that is our burden?
  Betraying beauty that we so seek after,
Shall we destroy the ages' golden guerdon
  By armistice with Bedlam's hostile laughter?

Shall we whose timid flesh resents to die
  Be torn like hares, the blood-eyed hawk's reward,
When velvet of mouth to mouth and thigh to thigh
  Proclaims a splendor to eclipse the sword,
And when on time's old cratered battlefield
  One conqueror, Love, alone shall never yield?

Life has no quarrel but with dust and sadness;
  Our enemy is death and hate and tears,
And more than all a Damoclean madness,
  Prophetic finger at the feast of years,
O let us march, then, comradely and kind,
  The little march against immortal losses;
We cannot go alone for we are blind.
  We cannot bear alone the nations' Crosses.

Then with the voice of healing, let us cry
  The clarion of eternal pentecost
Across the tempest where the martyrs die,
  Like him who walked in peace when all was lost
In purple turbulence on Galilee—
  Cleaving a path of rapture through the sea.

—Ernest Hartsock.

## MISSIONARY MEETING

Meek captives of a pious gloom,
  Impervious to celestial mirth,
With deep solemnity assume
  The burdens of His bungled earth,
Directing Heavenward a prayer
Suggesting methods of repair.

Contributing toward the expense
  Of garments shipped across the sea,
They sigh at heathen innocence
  With a discreet morality.
Though secretly curious of
Red burning moons and tropic love.

Then, with all sinners justly flayed,
  (And none need contemplate neglect)
They snack on cakes and lemonade,
  Till one, more primly circumspect,
Rounds up any loose thoughts that stray
With pointed: "Sisters, let us pray."

—KATHLEEN SUTTON.

## AUTHORS' CLUB

Twenty pins
All just alike;
Three assorted needles,
One for darning,
One for seams,
One for beading
Beadles;
And of bodkins
One or two,
Useful
In their places. . . .
All the pointed
Score or more
Point each other's
Graces.
Yet each thinks
Himself quite sharp,
Others, merely
Pleasant.
*There are rumors*
*Of a sword,*
But he isn't
Present.

—MAY WILLIAMS WARD.

## THE REBEL

Said God to new-made Adam, smoothing home
  The clay where his inexpert hand had slipped,
"Thou shalt not see the sky but as a dome
  Roofing the disc of earth. The silver-tipped

"And marching planets shall shield from thy sight
  My private workshop there in ultimate space.
Keep thou the ground, nor think to pierce the height
  Where I may walk, or even birds may race.

"My sun shall fling thee seasons hot or cold;
  My winds shall fetch thee rain to beat thee down;
My fevers, rising from the swampy mold,
  Shall slink into thy bones. Nay, do not frown,

"For children know not what is for their good.
  But thou may'st call me Nature, Order, Law,
Whenever thou dost doubt my fatherhood,
  Which is compact of Love and hath no flaw."

Then God gave Adam a paternal smile
  And turned to praise the Garden and its view.
But Adam went aside and thought awhile
  Under the Tree, and knew what he must do. . . .

So Adam's children, knowing ill from good,
  Have countered Nature's order with their own,
And every step advanced from where he stood
  Is marked by mute defiance of God's throne.

—Arthur H. Nethercot.

## LOTTERY

Like cans with all the labels mixed
  On the pantry shelves,
Women are a mystery
  Even to themselves.

Take your choice of peas or beans,
  Give the coin a toss;
But don't be very much surprised
  If it's applesauce.

—Lucile Enlow.

## GIGOLO

He is a changeling, and an eager world
With trembling fingers reaches after him—
His slanted eyes, the way his hair is curled,
The mouth that crooks in answer to a whim.
Another age, he might have blown his reeds
On some sleek hillside, under olive trees.
Now women love him, and his boyish needs
Are more than filled. He has a suave, young ease
When dancing with some matron twice his size,
Who pants politely in his close armed grasp
And looks at him with wild and lewd surmise,
Or leans against his breast to hide a gasp.
He has his gift, no vulgar work for him
Who plays pianos with a yearning touch
To listening, well groomed women, whose eyes brim—
Who wonder if "he'd really mind, too much,
A little present?" And he never will,
Accepting with surprise and hesitance.
He somehow lets his hostess foot the bill,
And ruefully smiles. He only lives to dance
Dark arabesques up avenues of dawn,
A slender and sophisticated faun.

—Dorothy McFarlane

## HELEN TO MENELAUS

White-breasted Paris now is but a name.
Deiphobus is dead, and Hector too.
Why should I not go home again with you?
Beauty excuses every sort of shame.
High Troy I loved. Oh, Sparta will seem tame
After the love of Ilium I knew.
I see it now with a diviner view:
It rose to music, and went down to flame!

Take me aboard your black ship. I will go.
O Menelaus, do not look so cold!
You need not fear that I will soon grow old.
Nor that you soon will cease to want me so!
My beauty cannot fade a single whit—
The ghost of Paris will be guarding it!

—Wylly Folk St. John.

## TO NEW YORK AT SUNSET
*(From a Ferryboat)*

Here in this pause, this golden truce, you seem
  Floating imprisoned in some faery story,—
Imponderable ramparts of a dream,
  Glassed in some necromancer's globe of glory.

Imponderable ramparts . . . terraced towers . . .
  Fabulous mosques and domes that drift in
    air . . .
Gorgeous pagodas like fantastic flowers,
  Which this rich moment petals into there.

Behind your painted picture there abide
  What parapets with minaret and spire?
Are you, bright vision, but a veil to hide
  What greater city of the heart's desire?

Ah, when New York has vanished fugitive
  And all its haughty turrets melted, then,
Only you, fleeting vision, will burn and live
  To haunt the memory of the races of men.

For, bubble enchantment, whose rare spell expands,
  Your airy towers will never be overthrown!
O ramparts—never raised by mortal hands—
  More durable than ponderable stone,

Italicized here under sunset light,
  Your insubstantial domes glow to the sense—
Blaze in this revelation to one bright
  Flash of the permanent in impermanence!

—Louis Ginsberg.

## HYMENEAL

Orange blossoms—
  Rare old lace—
Beneath her veil
  Her radiant face.

He waits in shade
  Of tapers dim.
How he adores—
  Her love of him.

—Evelyn Hammett.

## MOTH

He left the field and nightfall, a bright shape
He beat against the walls of our despair,
Seeking in light, a fabulous escape,
A swift reprisal from the outer air.
Until at last through some dim gateway, he
Crossed our resplendent boundaries, and came
To interrupt our wine and repartee,
And wrap his dreaming body in the flame.

Some bright derision in his little brain,
Some fragile inhibition, some extreme
Disorder of his tiny heart compelled
His narrow little will to ascertain
If this were Truth at last or if it held,
Merely another promise of a dream.

—HAROLD VINAL.

## BLOW THE GAFF

In those days they were iron men
  Served time on wooden ships,
Who drove their brigs through offing head
  Out of lean harbour slips,
Who swung the green lamp starboard high,
Ran out white stunsails to the sky,
Lashed to top rucks, saw seas rush by
  And laughed at typhoon whips.

In these days we are wooden men
  Who sail abaft the mast
Of iron greyhounds, slender, sleek
  Ships hungry for the past,
When spouters, hookers, blue-nose, filled
With slaves and whales and ivory, spilled
Their length where stormy petrels milled
  And the old man yelled "Avast!"

The seven seas that clippers crossed
  Roll indolent and sad,
Dreaming of double topsail yards
  And canvas press they had,
Yearning to feel the pulse again,
Across the blue seas, of frigates, when
Windjammers boasted iron men,
  Slop-chest and a cuddy lad.

—BENJAMIN MUSSER.

## CELLAR SHELVES

Shelf on shelf and row on row
The tight-lidded glasses glow.
Garnered here in cellar gloom
Are cloudless sky and clover bloom.
And here are Spring and Summer sealed—
Orchard bough and berry field,
Purple vine and melon plot—
In pickle jar and squat jam pot.

Here in jellies labelled "Plum"
Are frosted blue and bees a-hum.
And tall jars reading "Apple Butter"
Remember May's pink-petalled clutter.
Under this melted wax is flavor
Of pollen dust and sun to savor
When snow is over the elder tree.
And sweet in candied strawberry
Is the dew of its early gathering.

So into Winter one may bring,
Aladdin-like, from cellar shelves,
The honey extract of the hours
That once were sun and April showers.

—Marie Kraft.

## BEAUTY

Olive Della Bloomed in freckles—
Strangely tanned, but brownly dappled,
Held with one of childhood's shackles,
Freckles.

Stems of lilies of the Nile
Are spotted in the self-same style.

Della had her whims and notions
About creams and certain lotions.
(Rose leaves that the thrips have hailed
Grow indubitably scaled.)

The Beauty Treatment left her sullen—
Della's skin looked much like mullen.
Often (though we do not mind her)
Nature's better as we find her.

—Helen Maring.

## THE YOUNG MEN OF OXFORD

*From a book review of Oxford Poetry: "Most poignant confession . . . is the total lack of anything which could possibly be considered a lyric of joy or a hymn of praise."*

The young men of Oxford are home now, the quick
  Nervous green of the ivy upon the gray walls
Cool to clasp them, the strength of their towers and their halls,
  The guardian granite, the learned old brick

To enclose them and keep them! Yet lessons profane
  Will return, the grim text of the bloodshed and rain,
And the intricate science of mastering tears. . . .

Still the young men of Oxford, like soldiers who bring
  Gun and knapsack to shoulder amid ghostly cheers,
Must make gallant songs for the pride of the thing.
  . . . . . .
But never a paean of living, alas,
Since they see only death in the health of the grass . . .

—Amanda Benjamin Hall.

## GENTLEMAN DISCOVERED

One thought of him
  In terms of Hell,
Democracy,
  And calomel,
Who turned his old coat
  All about,
Lest folks see what
  He was without.

—Nancy Telfair.

## VISE

It is an irony, a brief
Conceit perhaps that we should meet,
Here in the tumult of the street.
A miracle beyond belief,
That after the dark wormwood of
Absence, we turn again to love!

Some buzzard hovered in the stark
And velvet night, yet as before,
We climb the stairs and bolt the door,
And fumble madly in the dark
To clasp again in emphasis,
And break our passion on a kiss!

We who had said farewell and held
The long grief back a year ago,
Resume the lust, receive the blow!
The tree of flesh again is felled;
We crumble to our separate pain,
Done with the thrust of love again.

Outside the snarling wind begins
To drum against the gloom, and yet
We linger for a cigarette,
After the glamour of our sins;
Stammer at lonely words, invent
A dark abusive argument.

What holds us now the flesh is done,
What inner miracle of hope,
Toward which the mind and spirit grope?
What fire once again begun,
Consumes us in our solitude,
What fiery drumming in the blood?

What ecstasy that will not cool,
What wild grapes broken on the lips,
What fire in the finger-tips?
What lust that is too beautiful
For death, what endless martyrdom,
What adjectives, what idiom?

What dark diablerie consumes
Our bodies and what socery
Plays havoc with our chastity;

What irony forever dooms,
What devastation waits to claim
Our hearts what scaffold and what flame?

Once I have hurried down the stairs,
You are forgotten as the tide
That swung against a beach and sighed;
As unremembered as the jazz
That crept up to our room and broke,
And held us taut before we spoke.

We may not meet again, and yet
Quite suddenly some night, I'll find
You walking furiously through my mind,
Clanking a silver amulet.
And as we always did before,
We'll climb the stairs and bolt the door!

—Harold Vinal.

## HE WAS OF THE FOREST

He was wrong to marry from the mill,
He should have wed a woman like a hill,
  Patient to the cumulative woes
  Of times and seasons that erect the rose.

He needed such a wife as could be lonely
And think all day on him and on him only,
  For he was single and his mind a trouble
  That called for yoking up and pulling double.

He was of the forest, but his head
Lay beside a woman's on his bed,
  Whose mind was faces and a shifting gladness,
  That never went up high enough for sadness.

So the hawkweed wantons in his clay,
And the barn is bigger than his hay,
  His blinds sag off, and he walks through the
    town
  Never man enough to wear a frown.

—Robert P. Tristram Coffin.

## FUNERAL BAKED MEATS

From far and near, they gathered in,
  To watch the farmer as he rested,—
A galaxy of kith and kin,
  Whose melancholy mein suggested
A group of sombre, earnest owls,
With rounded eyes and drooping jowls.

Throughout the parlor, every word
  Was hushed to a portentous whisper,
Which made the slightest smile absurd.
  Only the shuffled foot, and crisper
Squeak of new leather broke the gloom
Of silence in the darkened room.

But in the kitchen, airy-light,
  The neighbors bustled, quick and cheery,
To tempt the lurking appetite
  Of gathered mourners, damply teary;
And fragrant scent of beef and tart
Assailed the freshly wounded heart.

The browned and hearty farmer-folk
  Watched, two and two, the midnight hour.
Regaled with meat and pie, they spoke
  With munching jaws, and faces dour,
In whispers—knowing they must keep
A quiet room for one asleep.

Ranged in the daytime mourner's seat,
  In dusky groups, a baker's dozen
Murmured they had no heart to eat,
  And solemn cousin looked at cousin;—
Then later salved a lingering ache,
With generous slabs of frosted cake.

From far and near, they gathered in,
  To watch the farmer as he rested,
A galaxy of kith and kin,
  Whose growing appetites attested
The magnet-pull of hopeless grief
To molecules of pie and beef.

—Edith Mirick.

## BATTLE

About the meagre bristled stack,
The zigzag fence-line bends and lurches;
Where on the mountain's stony back,
The farm precariously perches.

Face to the wind, the farmer dares
The sullen hill-crest into battle;
Among defiant rocks and tares,
He wins a foothold for his cattle.

Where he has fought the mountain-top,
The rusted mullein candles smoulder,
And sheep, or bony cattle crop
The grass between the stump and boulder.

Lichened and gray, the rock-ribs pierce
The fallow weedy pasture ledges;
Harvest of dragon-teeth, with fierce
Challenge in their upstanding edges.

Later, a bit of rugged stone
Will spell the ended martial story:
Victor and vanquished, merged in one,
Upon a quiet promontory.

—Edith Mirick.

## FARM MOON

A barnyard pool
Mirrors thistle and smartweed,
Things gaunt and ugly
Tremble with beauty,
Blades seem to be silver
In a shimmering bowl
Rimmed 'round with gold,
And muck and stall-fodder
Glimmer and glisten
With metallic splendor.
The milk crone's gnarled hands
Are touched with glory
And as she lifts a rustic face
Transformed by mellow light
Muck is no longer a fact,
Her inarticulate heart
Is a pilgrim on a highway of stars.

—Arthur Truman Merrill.

## RAILROAD WIVES

### I. No Clearance

There was a sign that said "No Clearance Here"—
Between an engine and the round-house wall.
But men are men, they can't remember all
The thousand warnings they may see or hear.
He'd passed it every morning for a year,
But this time he forgot, I guess, to crawl
Behind a car. We heard him shriek and fall:
His legs were crushed, his hands were just a
smear.

It was tough to see him there, not knowing how
To help him; I don't know just what I did.
His face was something that you'd want to hide.
He stared at us and said, "I can't die now,
My wife is going to have another kid,
We still owe for the last." He screamed and died.

### II. The Way It Goes

"That's just the way it goes, when you have worn
Your fingers to the bone for twenty years,
And scraped and saved after the kids were born,
Something goes wrong,—and there's only tears,
Breaking your sleep at night, choking your meals.
Just why it was Jack fell we never knew,
But somehow he slipped down between the wheels.
Well, life is a mess for other people too.

"God but it's hot in here these summer nights,
With ironing to be done and clothes to soak."
She flung a window up and heard the cars
Shunted across the yards and saw the lights
Of switchmen's lanterns dancing in the smoke,
And watched the street-lamps calling to the stars.

—Paul Engle.

## BLINDNESS

Only Maeonides could fitly praise
Immortal Helen, Beauty's sacrifice;
And awfully through Milton's dark we gaze
On Paradise.

—William Parker.

# PASTURE ON PARNASSUS

*By* ERNEST HARTSOCK

*The Glory of the Nightingales*, by Edwin Arlington Robinson (Macmillan, $2.00).

There are a few more memorable passages in Mr. Robinson's new fatalistic anecdote than there were in "Cavender's House," but there is almost no strong feeling communicated in this story of Malory and Nightingale with its recurrent repetitions and rephrasings, somewhat monotonously modulated. There is a plot, and there are two characters, both thoroughly romantic, and not picturesquely dramatic. The actors move and act under dark impulses, within an inscrutable maze, wherein free-will is paralyzed by a somewhat desultory Nemesis. There is almost no radiance, and no swift soaring in the book. There are isolated passages of almost tortuous circumlocution. The psychological misanthropy of Robinson is everywhere evident, though there is more humor and less starkness about this secluded dialogue. There is no catharsis through pity and fear, only a ritual of blind wonder at the inscrutable malignity brooding over us. The poem is distinguished but, to us, neither great nor particularly alive.

*The Gates of the Compass*, by Robert Hillyer (Viking Press, New York. $2.00).

An academic mind, loving lyrical beauty, and blowing a milky cadenced syrinx, Robert Hillyer produces verses ranging from impressionistic rhymes to flashes of mild intensity, but never forgets that he is of the established order, which is devoted to Phi Beta Kappa and Platitudes. Some of his individual images deserve a better fate than to be in the fragile framework of his verses; once in a while there is a sure imaginative phosphorescence, which is soon smothered in the elegantly proper twilight. Mr. Hillyer, like a great many other poets in the traditional mode, has need of more intimate contact with the strength of earth. His terrain is too gently bucolic.

*The Best Poems of 1930*, Selected by by Thomas Moult (Jonathan Cape, Ltd., London).

It is a commentary upon our age that we speak in superlatives because we have little astuteness with comparatives. After reading Mr. Moult's interesting collection, we wish the title could read: "Some Good Poems of 1930." For, after all, some of the poems don't at all appeal to us as worthy of such distinguished notice as is here given them. Such examples as D. P. McGuire's "Her Day Is Over" and Edmund Blunden's

"The Survival," would scarcely have achieved publication in a first-rate American verse magazine. There are, however, inclusions which deserve to be in any library of contemporary output; to our taste, the high spots of the book are in G. K. Chesterton's sonnets and in D. H. Lawrence's "The Triumph of the Machine." Sir William Watson, in his vague Victorian fashion, is scarcely a contemporary. . . . Mr. Moult has been especially kind to Atlanta poets, including verses by Mary Brent Whiteside, Anderson M. Scruggs, Daniel Whitehead Hicky, and Ernest Hartsock.

*Beyond,* Edited by Sherman Ripley (D. Appleton, New York. $2.50).

With considerable care, Sherman Ripley has compiled from the poetry of the past and present an anthology of verses about death, and the possibility of life after death. Of course, most of the book is composed of questionings, by everybody from Catullus to Edwin Markham, with perhaps a slight overdose of minor American contemporaries. Some rather famous verses on death are omitted—Bulwer's "There Is No Death," for instance—but there are enough viewpoints expressed, that any additional surmises might prove superflous. The volume is attractive for gift purposes and especially suited to people no longer young.

*Wishing on a Comet,* by Louise Burton Laidlaw (Dodd, Mead Co., New York. $2.00).

This first volume of collected verses by Louise Laidlaw offers confirmation of the belief that she is destined for a place of individual distinction among our women poets. The poems dealing with cosmic themes and astronomy, reveal a mind not burdened down with taboos and traditions, and a willingness to desert the banal and the meretricious inconsequence of many women lyricists. Unfortunately there are too many verses in the book, since some of the earlier and less mature efforts might have been omitted to advantage. The contrast, however, only exhibits the growth and potentiality of this courageous young spirit. We shall expect much from her.

*Pocahontas,* by Nathalia Crane (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.50).

Nathalia Crane, ever resourceful, has produced in her newest invasion of Parnassus, an Amazonian riot, wherein in the mystical year 1941, a blood descendant of the original Pocahontas, discovered tilling a hillside in Tennessee, is pressed into service to save America from Reds and Pacifists, and eventually to marry a Hindu prince and live happily ever after in Roanoke, Va. The book is a veritable Alice in Wonderland, with Wonderland exhibiting the composite qualifications of Xanadu and the Happy Hunting Grounds. Perhaps there has never been such a remarkable mixture of rhetoric and extravagance lavished in any such poem yet written. Miss Crane's old preoccupation with roses, her obstreperous fashion of rhyming at any cost, and her non-

chalant self-assurance where angels fear to float, combine to make a regular three-ring circus. In her ambitious epical fashion she settles governments and eternal problems with a single melodramatic sweep, achieving effects both bizarre and dumfounding. This is exotic succotash.

*Outside of the World*, by Katherine Garrison Chapin (Duffield & Co., New York. $2.00).

Katherine Garrison Chapin, whose economical yet archly phrased poems indicate a poised view of life, is well known as a friend of poetry and of poets. This collection of her work has to recommend it a sincerity and a fine quietude, born of exacting execution. Her themes are semi-religious and slightly ritualistic; there is more of the mystic in her verse than in the general run of descriptive and introspective verse by women poets. There are, perhaps, too many apostrophes to sails and ships and other much-described phenomena which have long since ceased to be phenomenal. The medieval and snow scenes seem most truly the author's own material.

*Two Henry Harrison Books* (Henry Harrison, New York, 1930).

*Deeper Silence,* by Samuel Heller is the first book of a gently melancholy young man who is a bit too preoccupied with his inner reactions; it has lyric grace but lacks range. Some of his best sonnets have not yet found their way into book form; the majority of the verses in this collection are meditative and tender songs.

*This Experimental Life,* by Royall Snow, has the virtue of being concisely and intensely expressed. There is a keen sense of word values and considerable variety in technique in Mr. Snow's work, though we don't agree to his sonnet vagaries.

## GOSSIP ON PARNASSUS

With Christmas in the air, of course you're going to make your friends (not to mention your editor) happy with flocks of *Bozart* subscriptions? Not that it means anything in my young life. Just a suggestion. You're welcome. . . . Elliott Driver Jordan, of Driver, Va., and at present of Atlantic University, Virginia Beach, will issue "a little magazine" to be called *The Cavalier.* "It will contain nothing but poetry." Seems to me I've heard that before, but here's hoping. And Mary Sinton Leitch and John Richard Moreland and Louise Crenshaw Ray and Paul Kaufman, Pr.D., and I are asked to be the advisors, and to advise. My advice to any nice young man planning a new verse magazine is—oh, I haven't the heart to say it. Poor dears, they'll have to find out for themselves. . . . Norman Macleod writes me he is editing the American section of *Front,* published in Amsterdam. Front "will pay for material and run at least four issues." That pre-natal assurance of the total length of its life to-be is refreshing. Most of us start magazines to be bequeathed to our grandchildren. . . . If you'd like to see the lowest depth of bad taste to which a verse magazine can go, send some third-best poems to *The Poet: the Blossom and Fragrance of All Thought,* 22 E. 12th St., Cincinnati, and the reason for their rejection will be given to you, and to any stray gatherer of blossoms and fragrance, in the printed magazine itself! In the Sept. issue Walter Hendricks was informed his Ms. was "too wishy-washy"; another poet was told his heart-throb sounded "more like the threadbare speech of a yokel Don Juan than the straight from the heart utterance of a regular fellow," and anothers Ms. was "flabby" whereas a "poem should contain heighth (*sic*) and depths of passion."

Young Tony Gudaitis, a nice boy poet in New York, has written a book of, so says the circular, new material on Oscar Wilde, from facts given him by one George Juckes, who knew Wilde, but would not himself write the book because "he lacked the selfish motive involved." The book is published "if only to refute the prevarications of such men as Frank Harris, Lord Alfred Douglas, Robert Ross, T. W. H. Crosland, who had made out of Wilde a meal-ticket for life." So Tony wrote his book to refute the holders of meal-tickets. And the price per copy is $25, and the de-luxe edition is $75 a copy. And it is being sold by George Juckes' own bookshop at 78 E. 10th St., New York. What a comedy Wilde could have made of the situation! . . . A recent worth-while book on Wilde, as dramatist, poet, raconteur, essayist, critic, is that of Patrick Braybroke, "Studies" publications. Jack Conroy has done a study of Mark Twain for this series. Overseas representative is E. M. Channing-Renton, Grand Hotel, Ste. Marie-aux-Mines (Haut-Rhin), France, who is shortly issuing *Who's Who Abroad,* to include a number of American poets. . . . In *Who's Who in the East,* 1930, Lucia Trent wholly ignored my two-year owner-editorship of *Contemporary Verse,* and then gave my seashore residence as her

address. Now that my house there is boarded up for the winter, Lucia will perhaps give my present address, 1901 Columbia Rd., N. W., Washington, D. C., as her residence? I hear the birth-controlling Cheyneys have a new baby. . . . Additions to my Rogues' Gallery include snapshots of Lexie Dean Robertson and Jessie B. Rittenhouse, at Boulder, Colo., where Mrs. Scollard gave a course of talks on poetry. . . . Caroline Giltinan (Harlow) of *The Carillon*, spent the summer and early fall in France, Spain and Italy. . . . Faust Book Service has removed to 221 Fourth Ave., New York.

In late November C. B. McAllister of *The Lantern*, 71 Willow St., Brooklyn, N. Y., will publish a Lantern-Poets Calendar, using about 40 quotations of 2, 3 and 4 lines of original or reprint verse descriptive of the various months and seasons. . . . Mary Cummings (Eudy) of Louisville showed a beautifully generous spirit in issuing leaflets of other poets' work she had seen and wished to share with friends. . . . Ernest Hartsock, Ellen M. Carroll and I were judges in the annual contest of the Poetry Soc. of Alabama, this fall. I had the honor also to be a judge of the annual contest of the Poetry Soc. of Texas. . . . Dr. A. Virginia Spates has been added to the editorial board of *L'Alouette*. Its publisher, C. A. A. Parker, recently brought out in charming format Ada Borden Stevens' triolet sequence, *Days Royal*. Mr. Hartsock was judge of the Chattanooga Writer's Club Nature Poem Contest in November.

A happy, blessed, merry Christmas to you all, and the usual Prohibition celebration of New Year's Day, not forgetting a Y. M. C. A. cocktail (glass of milk with a prune in it).

—Atticus Mus.

## $25 BI-MONTHLY AWARD

The regular bi-monthly poetry award for the best poem in this issue of BOZART AND CONTEMPORARY VERSE, is herewith announced to Mrs. Edith Mirick, for her two poems on rural life. Mrs. Mirick, editor of *Star-Dust*, lives in Washington, D. C.

## $150 IN NEW BI-MONTHLY AWARDS

The editor is pleased to announce that the same generous lover and patron of poetry who so graciously gave the 1930 Prize Fund for poems in BOZART AND CONTEMPORARY VERSE, has made possible a continuation of the bi-monthly award for the year 1931, by an additional cash contribution to the cause. $25 will be given for the best poem in each issue of the magazine during 1931.

## NEW CONTRIBUTORS THIS ISSUE

We always take pleasure in presenting new Atlanta poets: Wylly Folk St. John, formerly a student at the Univ. of Georgia, joins our contributors in the current number; Evelyn Hammett is a Mississippi poet. Amanda Benjamin Hall (Mrs. Philip Brownell) lives in New London, Conn. Arthur Truman Merrill, of Glendale, Calif., is author of *Songs of a Scythe* (Bozart Press). Paul Engle is a young Cedar Rapids, Iowa, poet. Willam Parker of Northwestern Univ. is new to our pages. Harold Vinal, editor of *Voices*, New York City, is an old friend. Another editor in our current number is Helen Maring (Samset) *of Muse and Mirror*, Seattle, Wash.